POETRY.

ANT OF STREET

THE PRINCE IS DEAD! BY BELEF HUNT.

A noon in the palace is about; the king And the queen are stiting in black; All day, weeping servants will run and bring. But the heart of the queen will lack Alf-things, and the eyes of the king will swim With tears that may not be abed. But will make all the air float dark and dim. As he looks at each gold and silver toy. And thinks how it gladdened the royal box; And dambly wither while the counties read How all the nations his sorrew head.

The Prince is dead?

The hut has a door, but the hinge is weak,
And to day the wind hlows it back;
There are two sitting there who do not speak—
They have begged a five rare of black.
They are hard at work, though their eyes are wet
With tears that may not be shed;
They dare not look where the cradle is set,
They hate the sunbeam that plays on the floor.
But makes the baby laugh out no more;
They feel as if they were turning to stone;
They feel as if they were turning to stone;
They wish the neighbors would leave them alone.
The Prince is dead?

Hearth and Home.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BORROWED BAGGAGE

CYRUS DURHAM was very busy on a cer-tain afternoon making an omidet. At least he called it an omidet, but in reality it was nothing but scrambled eggs, "Ome-let" sounded better, but it would not have tasted half as good, especially if Cyrus had had to make one himself. In order to understand why this young man cooked his own eggs it must be known man cooked his own eggs it must be known that he was a medical student in Philadelphia, and the son of a very respectable and by no means ungenerous physician in Maryland, who allowed him for his expenses quite enough to keep him very comfortably, even in a large city. But Cyrus, who always had table-board on Walnut street for about the first half of every month, had generally been accustomed from necessity to live in a "bache-lor-hall" style for the remaining portion of the month in his rooms on Sansom, street. He was very nicely situated in these rooms, and the high rent he paid for them contributed not a little to his slimness of purse during those days which im-mediately preceded the arrival of his monthly remittances. His "study" was on the second floor of what is known in the city of Brotherly Love as the "back buildings," and was approached from the long entry by a single short flight of stairs. This room looked out at the side on a pleasant yard, was very well furnished, and was altogether quite too good for a young fellow who ought to have been sat-isfied with any garret where he could study unmolested. Back of the large room was a small bedchamber, generally tenanted not only by Cyrus himself, but

stay too late studying anatomy-or en Cyrus was bending over his little woodstove stirring his eggs rapidly lest they should burn, and keeping an eye at the same time on his coffee pot, which, however, had given no signs of boiling. It was only four o'clock, but Cyrus had had but a slight lunch, and so wanted an early supper. This power of having his meals when he chose was another advantage of this mode of living. His table was set with a small linen cloth (the clean side up), a cup and saucer, and a plate. The "omelet" was just done, and Cyrus had given it the last scrape around the pan, when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in !" said he, and the door oper ed and the knocker entered. Cyrus looked around, and dropped on the top of the stove the frying-pan which he was just lifting off by the long handle. In the doorway stood a young lady, dressed in the loveliest possible traveling suit, with roses in her cheeks far more glowing than the pink lining of her parasol. the pink lining of her parasol.
"Mr. Durham," said she.
"Why, Miss Birch!" cried Cyrus, (with

"Mr. Durham," said she.

"Why, Miss Birch!" cried Cyrus, (with his face redder than any silk a lady would dare use to line her parasol). "I had no idea—I am very glad to see you; take a manifest embarrassment and downhearted manifest embarrassment and notes that a like was no necessity of his telling the story of his shame and poverty. She had so much pity for his manifest embarrassment and downhearted manifest embarrassment and notes that he had not not the money; and so there was no necessity of his telling the story of his shame and poverty. She had so much pity for his manifest embarrassment and notes the money; and so there was no necessity of his shame and poverty. She had so much pity for his manifest embarrassment and downhearted manifest embarrassment and notes the money; and so there was no necessity of his shame and poverty. She had so much pity for his manifest embarrassment and notes the money; and so there was no necessity of his shame and poverty. seat. You must excuse me—bachelor's hall, you know. When did you come on?" All you students spend every cent your calling on Mr. Durham, and would cer thought she would have found him cook-ing his dinner, supper, or whatever it was But she took a seat which Cyrus placed for her (as far as possible from the stove, but unluckily facing it), and with a little laugh, which was intended to restore her self-possession, and which had a partial success, asked him where he supposed she had "come on" from; and then, without waiting for an answer, proceeded to in home, but was just going there (she lived about half a mile from Dr. Durham's place) from her uncle William's, where she had been for nearly a month. "You know," said she, "that he lives

in New Jersey, just a little way out o Trenton."

Cyrus didn't know it, but he did not say so, but asked her if she had a pleasant time. She answered that it was at first but she got tired as soon as her cousin Emily had been obliged to go back to boarding-school; and, he knew, those Connecticut schools always commence their terms right in the middle of the

finest weather; and did all the students keep bachelor's hall this way? Cyrus said the most of them did; at any rate those who liked better and fresh er food than they generally got at the boarding-houses. Then Miss Fanny re marked that she thought it was a very good way if you only knew how to cook and didn't he think that whatever was in that pan was all burning up? Cyrusturned round and said he thought it was and so he took the frying-pan, full of blackened and smoking eggs, off the fire, and moved the coffee-pot a little back.

When he sat down again there was a little silence. He knew she had not come to see him simply because they were old friends and neighbors, and he thought it very probable that she had something particular to say, and was wondering how she should say it. He was right. After looking out of the window, and remark-ing that she should think the people in next house could look right in here the said:

"Mr. Durham, I guess you wonder why I came to see you. Oh yes, of course you are glad; but, you see, I left uncle's this morning by the boat, and sent my trunks on home by express, and coming off the oat at Arch Street wharf, or somewhere —I haven't the slightest idea where—I had my pocket picked, or lost my porte-monnaie; and I didn't know a soul in Philadelphia who could lend me enough to pay my fare in the cars, except you and I thought I'd borrow some of you. knew you lived in Sansom Street, but had to ring at ever so many houses before I found you."

Now as Cyrus had exactly forty-eight cents in his pooket, this was rather hard

on the young man.

"You see," she continued, "that if I take the six o'clock train for Baltimore, I will get there about ten, and I can stay with Mrs. Sinclair to-night. The passenger cars will take me right past her door, and father will send you the monor." and father will send you the money—"
"Oh, don't mention that," said Cyrus
who looked exactly as if he was returning

from the grave of a pair of twins. "Bu —I haven't—I think not, at least—but the need make no difference—I'll just step on and get it. Oh, I'm very glad indeed—no rouble at all—very glad you came to me. Just make yourself comfortable here for a few minutes. There's pipe—I mean there's some books perhaps you would like to look at. I'll be back directly. No trouble

at ail."

So off went Cyrus, with his hat on hind part before. As for Miss Fanny Birch, she first wished she hadn't come. But then she thought that she couldn't help it, for she had no other place to go to. But she thought of course he'd have money enough for that. "What a pity about those eggs—just as black as a crisp! What a funny way of living! I wonder if he calls these things clean. He ought to have somebody to wash his cups and plates for him; but I suppose it wouldn't he bachelor's hall if he didn't do it himself. All those books are full of horrid bones, I expect; Pm sure I don't want to bones, I expect: Pm sure I don't want to look at them. I should think he did nothing but smoke; pipes every where. I wish he'd houry back. Why, it's six g'clock now,! Oh, that clock don't go—!

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bliged to wait for Cyrus; but at length, now. iring of examining the room, she ventured to take up a book, which fortunately proved to be an odd volume of Macaulay, nd so she forgot the world in the fortunes of William of Orange until Cyrus re-

a moment in doubt, and then hurried to William Heiskill's boarding-house, to try out. Then a quick run round to Walnut street revealed the fact that Seymour had gone out walking, Sir, with Mr. Heis-cill." Cyrus knew that there was but ittle chance of finding any of his student friends at home on such a fine afternoon but still he hurried down to Spruce street o see if by chance little Myles was trying o make up for lost time by a triffe o study. But Myles, if he was engaged i "Confound it!" said Cyrus. "I'll try

pious Arnold."
"Pious" Arnold was so called, not o account of any particular religious tendency he exhibited, but simply because he attended lectures regularly and studied hard in the mean time, refusing all temptations in the way of card parties, excursions, or other diversions of the students.

"Pious" was at home, but was very sorry he couldn't lend Cyrus a dollar. He had (although he didn't say so) twenty-seven dollars in a little black box in his trunk, which was exactly what was due his landlady at the end of the month, and in declining to part with any of it he did

perfectly right, for it is very doubtful if he would have had it back in time to maintain his reputation as the best paying student in Jefferson College.

Poor Cyrus was dumbfounded. He Poor Cyrus was dumbfounded. He knew not another soul to whom he could apply. One of the professors, with whom he had a previous acquaintance through his father, might have helped him out; but he lived over in West Philadelphia, and there was no time to go to him. It was now striking five, and the train started at six. He had nothing to sell. He by any one of his companions who might ed at six. He had nothing to sell. He had "lent" his watch to help pay for a walnut book-case that was one of the re-cent ornaments of his room, and he had nothing else on which, at such short no-tice, he could raise a dollar. He stopped, on his way back from Arnold's, again at Heiskill's boarding-house; but of course he had not returned. What, in the name of every thing that was absurd, was he to ing of his brains, he came to the conclu-sion that he must go back and tell his shameful story, for if Miss Birch had any

other way of managing this difficulty, it was time she was about it. So he went home and up to his room. Miss Fanny rose, but the moment saw him she knew that he had not got the

so you couldn't borrow any. But it don't make any difference. I have no doubt but that it will all come out right. Such things always do."

"That may be," said Cyrus; "but I don't see how it is to come out right. You might go to a hotel and send home for

oney."
"Wouldn't they make me pay anything as soon as I got there?" she asked.
"Not if you travel like a person who
looks as if she had money—with plenty of trunks and things."
"But I haven't got any trunks; they are

all sent on by express."

"Oh, as for that," said Cyrus, brightening up a little, "I could lend you a trunk."

This method of gaining credit seemed o funny to both of them that they laughed as heartily as if there was no such trouble as money in the world. Miss Fanny de-clared, however, that she would not put Mr. Durham to all that bother; but Cyrus assured her that it was no trouble or inconvenience in the least to him.
"In fact," said he, "it's a splendid idea!
Just think of it! Why, I can make money

out of you. I have a trunk with books and things that I have packed up to take home for the vacation, and I should have to send it by express. Now you can take to send it by express. Now you can take it right on for me, and it will go as your baggage, and will cost neither of us any thing. What do you think of that idea?"
"Perfectly splendid!" cried Miss Fanny. And now how will I get to the hotel with my baggage?"
"Oh, I will arrange that," said Cyrus

and now you don't know how relieved I

"So do I," said Fanny. "But I knew would come out all right some way. wish those eggs were not all burned for I would ask you for some of them. I'm awful hungry !"

It is astonishing how a common trouble

and a common relief accelerates the growth of familiarity. But then Fanny and Cyrus had known each other ever since the were children. "Oh, I've plenty more!" cried Cyrus "let me cook you some—you won't get any-thing to eat the minute you get to the

hotel."

And he ran to his little wood-stove, where some embers still remained. Fanny demurred and "declared," but Cyrus persisted; and so a fire was quickly cindled with light wood, and he made fresh coffee, while Fanny took off her gloves and best up the eggs as well as she could for laughing at Cyrus' fanny ways of doing things-keeping his ground cof fee in a porter bottle, and all that stal-

read, as if he ought not to know just how auch he wanted when he bought it. "But then, you know, I must always be ready for company," and the happy Oyready for company," said the happy Oyrus; and there was more laughing, and
some dauger of splashes of eggs on a new
traveling dress. When it came to setting
out another cup, saucer and plate, MissFanny asked, would he please excuse her,
but if he wouldn't feel insulted she thought
she would just rub them off a little, if
that was hot water in one of those spigots
over there in the corner. And when the over there in the corner. And when the shining queen's ware was placed on the table Cyrus vowed that it had never been

so white since it had been bought.

They had a delightful meal, but no butter. Cyrus couldn't keep butter, he said, in that warm weather; but the bread was Dutch cake with raisins in it, and the cof-fee, with cream that was just beginning to turn, was capital, and so were the serial

bled eggs.

Our friend was as happy as a king. He was so glad that Heinkill and the other fellows had been out when he called, and he only hoped they wouldn't drop in on him on their way back. But there was no danger of that. Miss Fanny seemed to remember that the afternoon was on the wans, and rising and declaring that the wane, and rising and declaring she had never had a nicer supper, a cipally because it was so funny," said she must be going, and which was her trunk?

"The smallest of those two yellow ones," said Cyrus; "and we will write your name on a card and tack it on the end, so as to make every thing ship-shape." This was soon done, and then Cyru went for a hack. He knew a man who

So they hurried back. Miss Birch was escorted down, and the man sent up stairs for the trunk. So far so good; but Mrs. Stacey, the landlady, a thoroughly good soul, but a little careful about students, now made her appearance with a look of anxiety upon ber face. "Going to take your trunks away, Mr. Durham?" said she, as soon as the lady

now came over the good lady's mind, and she retired, satisfied for the present. The trunk was now strapped on, and at the door I'the carriage Cyrus was about to take leave of Miss Fanny, when she remembered the dispatch. Cyrus promised to attend to that (for he had just about money enough); and it was agreed that it had better be sent to her uncle, as her father lived near the control of the cars when they hear it rattle," said Seymour. "You know people can only take wearing appared and a skeleton is not wearing appared. sent to her uncle, as her father lived nearly three miles from a station. Then good-by was said, and away to the La Pierre parel—at least that one is not wearing ap-House went Fanny Birch with Cyrus Durham's heart. Yes, she bad it certainly. He had known her and liked her, ever so much, for years; but he had never seen her in the full bloom of young womanhood until to-day. She had never

wonannood until to-day. She had never before had such an intimate little bit of sympathetic action with him; she had never before caten at his table! When poor Cyrus went back into his room, after sending the dispatch, he sat down disconsolately. How dark, dreary, and common looking was every thing!
How disagreeable that little stove, and how hot; and how stupid those dirty dishes! One cup, saucer, and plate h put away, and vowed he would never wash them. He was not a fool, but he was

Then he lighted his pipe and sat down What did it mean? Oh, that stupic hound of a hackman had taken the wrong

trunk! Cyrus had searcely comprehended the extent of this misfortune when there was a knock at the door, and there entered Heiskill, Seymour, and little Myles. They had just got in from a walk in the country; had had a capital dinner about four o'clock, and were now here to go to work, they said, after an afternoon of play. In order to prove this assertion they each lighted a pipe, and seated themselves around the room, with their feet upon the highest article of furniture that they could reach.
"What is the matter with Cy?" said

little Myles. "What makes him so quietle and why is he sitting here with the room all full of the shades of evening, like a Cyrus made some joking answer, and rising, lighted the gas. After considerable talk and general chaffing, Heiskill pro-posed that the big table be cleared, and that they should go to work.
"You're professor to night,"

ou know, and try not to ask any que ions you can't answer yourself." "Then let him stick to the spinal lumn," said little Myles. "I don't want nim asking me to articulate a humeru and a fibula again. and a fibula again."

"Oh, you needn't bother about who's to
be demonstrator!" said Cyrus. "We

can't do any anatomy to-night. The

skeleton's gone!' In order that the foregoing converse state that these young men had clubbed together to buy an articulated skeleton, ipon which they rubbed up their anatomi-cal knowledge, each of the party acting in turn for an evening as "professor, and asking questions of the others. Th skeleton was kept in a long yellow pack-ing-trunk, and the hackman had taken it off with Miss Birch to the hotel. There was no reason why he should not have aken it, for it was near the door, and was indeed the only trunk visible upon first entering. Cyrus was so full of Miss Birch

and the bothersome landlady that he did not notice the mistake.

Of course, with three such eager and mazed inquirers as to the whereabouts of their common property, there was nothing to be dene but to tell, under promises of strict secrecy, the whole story. It was received with unbounded applause, and he joke was considered far more enjoyable than any studying of anatomy could possibly prove. When the laughter had somewhat subsided Heiskill asked Cyrus what he intended to do.

morning and explain that the wrong trunk was taken (of course I shan't teil her what is in it), and then I shall have to get that Bill again to drive her and it to the Baltimore depot, and instead of leaving the trunk, he must bring it back here. hate the plan, for it not only gives trouble, but makes a lot of trickery about the young lady that I don't like. And I was to send down my books so nicely! Con ound that man!"

"Do you think she'll open

room ?" said little Myles.
"Of course not, you blockhead," snapped
Cyrus. "She hasn't the key, and besides, lo you suppose she would open my trunk f she had?"

The most astonishing surmises now en-

ned as to what would happen if so-and-so nould be so-and-so, and when no possible ombination of unfortunate circumstance laughed over, they descended to puns. Some good and some very bad ones were made, and poor little Myles, after cudgeling his brains for the whole period of punning time, finished the performance by wishing to goodness that the man had been named "Cohen," when he was alive, so that something might be said about a "truncated cone." Nothing was bad enough to follow this, and so they got out the Nothing was bad enough

The rest of the day would probably have been spent by Cyrus in the enjoy-ment of Fanny's letter and his recollec-tions of her visit, had not his friends called william Heiskill's boarding-house, to try and borrow ten dollars. He knew that five would pay Miss Birch's passage through to her father's house; but he could not offer her less than ten. Heiskill was out. Then a quick run round to Walnut street revealed the fact that Several and several a of the inmates of a mad-house.
"It's such a mean old trunk," said little Myles. Myles, "Nothing but a thin packing-box any way, and I don't believe I locked it last time. I'll bet any man ten dollars that

any."
"If they think it's freight, and take

out, it will result in fright," suggested Myles; and then, as usual, the uproar stopped the joking.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, just as Cyrus had finished his breakfast (got on credit from the grocery store where he dealt), he received a telegram. It was from Mr. Birch, and contained these words.

" You are wanted here. Oome on immediately." Cyrus clutched his hair, stamped his foot, clapped on his hat, locked his door, rushed round to Heiskill's, forced from him four dollars and some seventy cents—all he had—and reached the Baltimore depot in time for the ten o'clock train. What his feelings, his fears, or his hopes were during the towney is not to be not were during the journey is not to be put on paper. At two o'clock he had reached Baltimore. By half past he was on his way in the Martinville rain to his destination. Reaching the village, he had no money or desire to hire a carriage, and so started out to walk as rapidly as possible the two miles and a half that lay between him and Mr. Birch's

Arriving there, hot and flustered, he walked through the open door, and hear-ing voices in the dining-room, walked quickly in, and found a coroner's jury sitting upon the remains of the unfortenate Cohen!

We will now relate the circumstances which led to this inquest. The trunk had been taken to the hotel in safety, and Fanny, with her borrowed baggage at the foot of her bed, had slept the sweet sleep of an innocent maiden, without being roubled by the ghost of her quiet room mate. Everything had gone on admira-bly, and she arrived at Martinville in good season, where her father was waiting for her in a buggy. He was surprised that she had brought another trunk, for her baggage had arrived early that morning but she explained the matter, much to his merriment, and he ordered the stationsed to do; but having taken tw trunks up there that morning, and pecting no more jobs for the day, wagon was undergoing some repairs at the blacksmith's, and so he could not promise to send it much before nightfall. However, in an hour or two, along came Silas Hoopes, a peripatetic green-groce and general vender, who for half the or dinary fee offered to take the trunk to Mr Birch's. He was going that way, and was always glad of an excuse to stop any-where on his route, even if it was not at he house of a customer.

"Well, I reckon," said he, "I never saw such a common old trunk go to the Birches' afore this day. Shouldn't wonder if Miss Fanny'd been a buying c'rosities up to tion everything that goes wrong in his Phily. It's light, too. Yes, that's so; I system, and it is two to one that, in time thought it rattled when I put it in: I don't that organ will become all that he has long doubt it's shells, or a sewin' machine 'Tain't locked neither—only strapped They might as well 'a locked it, for here's'a hasp and all. I don't expect it's much, any how, or it 'ud 'a been locked." A slow drive of a quarter of a mile no

followed. "O' course, there's no harm just lookin' in, when it ain't locked nor nuthin. Everybody else has looked, I'll bet." little ahead was a turn in the road, and a large tree at the corner with a nice bit of smooth grass under it. It was just the place for Siles' horse to rest and cool off a little; and so the old man drew up there. Then he whistled a little and looked about him carelessly. Then he stood up and looked around carefully. Then he unstrapped the trunk. Then he whistled a few bars more, and raised the

lid.
On the other side of a pretty thick hedge of cedar-trees and blackberry bushes was Squire Curtis with his gun. He had been watching for a shot, but when he saw Silas stop and stand up to view the country he watched Silas. He had long suspected the old chap, and what was he going to do now? "Oh ho! open a trunk, ch! and not his either, or he'd wait till he'd got home!" wait till he'd got home !"

wait till he'd got home!"
Se softly through the hedge came Squire Curtis, and the instant Silas opened the trunk the Squire had him by the collar.
The yell which Silas gave when Mr. Cohen languidly stuck up his two attenuated legs, which had been tightly doubled up in the trunk, was only equaled by the shout from Squire Curtis. The horse started; Silas fell backward out of the waron; the Squire stood like a man of wagon; the Squire stood like a man of marble; and away went the wagon, with ohen's legs dangling carelessly over the and of the trunk. "Whose is that?" said the Squire, when

his voice came to him.
"Mr-r-r—Birch's," chattered poor old "That's a lie," said the Squire. "He's not dead, I know. What have you been doing ?'

Silas then explained that he knew noth-

declare, it quite frightened me. Why lon't he have his clock wound up?"

With thoughts like these Miss Fanny beguited a part of the time that she was polyinged by wait for Cyrus, but at least he was polyinged by wait for Cyrus, but at least he was polyinged by wait for Cyrus, but at least he was polyinged by wait for Cyrus, but at least he was polyinged by wait for Cyrus, but at least he was polyinged by wait for Cyrus, but at least he was polyinged by wait for Cyrus, but at least he was polyinged by wait for Cyrus, but at least he was polyinged by wait for Cyrus appeared before the jury. be knew not), sent the telegram.

When Cyrus appeared before the jury, told the history of the skeleton, showed how all its joints and separate and individual bones were neatly joined and articulated by means of wires, and pulled from the skill. Now what was to be done? Nothing, Cyrus thought, but to write to his father, tell him the story, and get him to send over to Mr. Birch's for the trunk, and return it to Philadelphia by express. This course having been concluded upon, Cyrus wrote and mailed the letter to his father.

When Cyrus appeared the skeleton, showed to how all its joints and separate and individual bones were nently joined and articulated by means of wires, and pulled from his pocket the hill and receipt of the skillful artificer who had prepared the specimen, the jury found a verdict "Died of some cause unknown."

station, to await orders; taking care this time to lock the trunk.

Mr. Durham did not go over to his father's house right away, but staid to supper. Fanny was still very nervous, and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully; and he walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully is and her walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully is and her walked out into the garden with her to explain it all fully is and her walked out into the garden with her walked ou some cause unknown."

Cyrus then repacked Mr. Cohen, and sent him by one of Mr. Rireh's men to the station, to await orders; taking care this her to explain it all fully; and he ex-plained it all to such an extent that she agreed, before the conversation closed, that when she traveled in the future it should be with him, and they both should have the same trunks.—Harper's Magazine.

over-exertion. In fine, the human bone priate word in this case, for the stack was has begun to lose its springiness, and now, bent, it stays so, or recovers its nor-

mal shape slowly, and with difficulty.

It is then that one begins this introspec tigations travel about from brain to joint, from heart to liver, from nerves fluids to arterial circulation, and, after fancying for awhile that the evil is here or there, he finally settles upon some one organ, or set of organs, as being the cause of his troubles. He concludes that his stomach refuses to digest, or his heart to perform its offices, or that his nerves are impaired. or that some other specific evil has taken

And here let it be observed that just so soon as a man or woman reaches the conclusion, from self-examination, that he or she is affected with some specific disease, from that moment the person and health part company, rarely, if ever, to be

And now commences an existence that is far from desirable. The victim speedily becomes a more or less virulent hypochon-driac, whose attention is fixed upon that portion of his system which he has con-cluded to be diseased. He constantly con-templates, say, his heart, with an expect-ancy that becomes painful. Each little pain in the region of this organ, each new sensation, assumes a prominence which, in other days, would have attracted no atmaster (who was also express agent and several other things) to send the trunk after them in a wagon. This the man novel feeling in any portion of his system, any pain, however remote, any phenom-enon, however ulikely to be connected with his pet allment, is at once referred to the complaint which he supposes to be There would be no great harm in this

species of self-examination were it not that the sensitiveness of the nervous lines is such that they not merely telegraph to but they very soon impress upon the body any very decided convictions of the brain It will thus very often result that a dis on the road Silas examined the trunk.

"Well, I reckon," said he, "I never saw uch a common old trunk go to the Birches' his liver is deranged; let him contemplate it incessantly, and refer to its diseased accommon how the same of the magination, will, in time, become a reality. Let one persistently funcy that his liver is deranged; let him contemplate it incessantly, and refer to its diseased accommon the same of the same that organ will become all that he has long since concluded it to be. In this way almost any person, whose bodily organs are sound as oak, can readily produce serious and permanent derangement in any one of

> state of things lies in an intelligent compre-hension of the fact that one cannot always remain young, and that, with youth, there depart many of those powers of resistance which enable one in early life to cat, drink which enable one in early life to cat, drink, dissipate, or to offend nature, in almost any way, with impunity. When one gets to understand these facts, he will be well advanced in the direction of the solution of his difficulties. This solution is largely in the fact that he should decrease his offenses against nature in proportion with the decrease of his ability to do so with impunity. If the craft can-not carry so much sail in middle life, let some of the broad sheets that have been spread to catch the spiced breezes of youth be recfed. Power should now be hus banded, in place of being lavishly expended. Nature is less recuperative in middle age, but she will kindly sustain a moderate average of strength. She will not mend the broken links of digestion, as she did before, but she will enable those that re-

main unbroken to perform a moderate an reasonable amount of duty.

Let the hypochondriac of middle life understand that he has passed the easy understand that he has passed the casy down-grade of life, and that he is beginning to climb the up-grade of old age, on which the machine will not run by its own weight. Let him understand the fact that he has reached a period when he is beginning to "break up." Let him adapt himself to this state of things, and avoid as deadly these searchings after specific all-ments. Let him understand that he must eat, drink, labor, worry, moderately. In fine, let him adapt himself to that new con-dition in his life in which he is weaker every way than he was before.—Chicago

A Butter Story.

some many, and so they got out the cards.

The fine set morning, Cyrns dressed him, the final his predicts of got a white read, and catality water to be discovered by the families produced by the cards and the families produced by the families produced by the cards and the families of the water o In 1833, a family by the name of Van Sickler moved into the town of Towarda

gathered. The lid was removed, the white linen cloth taken up, and there was the butter, yellow as gold, and, as it proved on tasting, sweet as if made but yesterday, although thirty-one years had clapsed since it first went to the bottom of the well where it was now found, like

The cost to the State per pupil is about \$1.20 a week, the proceeds of the fair qualling about \$1.80 each week to ever immate of the school.

It is confidently believed that as the fair becomes developed the institution can be Truth, unimpaired by its long residence. The old man claimed the prize and carried off rejoicing. Witnesses are still liv ing who were present at the time, who will, with our informant, make affidavid

PEN-Y-DARRAN, Wales, is chiefly remark

able for its connection with the first tran-way, for which an act of Parliament was The Hypochondriae.

There is a certain period in every man or woman's life when they begin an introspective examination of themselves. This period is usually in the vicinity of middle age, when the elasticity and vigor of youth have given way before the advances of absolute maturity. It is at this period that one begins to lose his recuperative powers. The dissipation or debauch of yesterday is not followed, on today, by that perfect restoration which once resulted from the rest of six or ten hours. It requires longer to recover from over-exertion. In fine, the human bone ever tried-and with the able inventor, actually built up of bricks the same as an ordinary chimney, and the whole affair was peculiarly odd. The stack was tall and clumsy, the body dwarfed, perched tive examination to discover, if possible, why it is that he tires more easily, that he sleeps less soundly, than he did before. It rarely happens that, when one begins this worked downwards, and at every revolusearching of his constitution, he fails to discover what he supposes to be the cause of the evils which annoy him. His investigation with the asthmatic puffs of steam, would provoke the gravest mechanician to laughter. When completed Homfray in-troduced his friend Richard Crawshay to the novelty, doubtless much to that individual's amusement, certainly to his incredulity as to its being fit for anything, for he readily accepted a wager with Homfray for £1,000, maintaining that t would not convey a load of iron from Pen-y-darran to the navigation—a distance of nine miles. The eventful day arrived for the trial, and never had there been so much excitement. The sturdy Englishmen were there, and natives from every Welsh county lined the road, and mounted every eminence that commanded the tram-way; and when Trevethick jumped on his iron steed, and began slowly to move onwards amidst clanging iron and puffing steam, the uproar was terrific. By the ar-rangements made, no one was allowed to assist the dauntless Cornishman, and for a time he did not seem to want it. Sur-rounded by a host he passed down the valley, making about five miles per hour, when a sad misfortune happened—the clumsy stack came in contact with a bridge and was ruined! Trevethick stood for a moment amongst his bricks, but only a moment. Fertile in resource, he was soon steaming onward again, and not only conveyed his load of iron to the navigation, with it, who, to their latest days, prided themselves on their glorious ride. It was fortunate for Homiray that the wager was a loose one. The iron was taken down and the bet won; but Trevethick failed to bring his empty train back, and for some time the new invention as a mode of trans port remained in abeyance .- London En

A Fox's Revenue.

A MAN residing on the banks of the Hudson one day went to a bay on the river to shoot ducks or geese. When he ame to the river he saw six geese beyond shot. He determined to wait for them to approach the shore. While aitting there he saw a fox coming down to the shore, and stand some time to observe the geese At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then keeping the moss above the water—himself concealed—he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them was drawn under the water, and the fox We fancy that the only remedy for this

soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back.

He ascended the bank, and found a hole made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared, placed in the goose, and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left; and while he was away the hunter unburied the goose, and closed the hole, and then he resolve

to await the issue.

In about half an hour the fox returns with another fox in company. They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly, the second fox attacked the other furiously, as if offended by the trick of a friend. During the battle he shot them both.—Murray's Ursation.

How Bad Boys are Reformed in New Jersey.

THE New Jersey State Reform School at Jamesburg, has sixty boys in charge.

A Newark paper gives the following account of the discipline of the institution:

The school has a farm of 500 acres conopportunity to engage in all kinds of farm work—plowing, preparing manures, fitting the soil for seed, planting, haying, etc.

The sensols mask arm of 500 keres connected with it. The boys thus have an opportunity to engage in all kinds of farm work—plowing, preparing manures, fitting the soil for seed, planting, haying, etc.

The smaller of the inmates are mainly engaged in planting, weeding, and training the small fruits—a work in which they seem to take great satisfaction. It is de-signed to turn the farm into a purely fruit rm, and thousands of peach, pear and other trees, etc., are now being planted.
Last year the whole products of the farm amounted to \$5,902.51, of which there were consumed by the families products of the value of \$920.50.

The cost to the State per pupil is about \$1.20 a week, the proceeds of the farm equalling about \$1.80 each week to every

It is confidently believed that as the farm secomes developed the institution can be made self-sustaining. The addition to the building authorized by the Legislature i now in course of erection, and will very materially enlarge the capacity of the in stiution, which has hitherto been entirely too small for the purpose designed.

The Experience of a Chicago Lawyer.

New York (July 30) Correspondence of the Mobile Register. I THINK I remarked in my last letter that once met a Chicago lawyer who warmly advocated marriage, and who explained to me his reason for so doing. For such a man to advocate such a thing was, to say the least, surprising; and I listened with breathless interest while he gave me a brief history of his experience during the orief history of his experience during th first ten years of his residence in that cel ebrated city.

Said he: "I first came to Chicago fil

teen years ago. Then I was young and in nocent, which it is hardly necessary for m so say that I am not at present. I had friend living here, whom I had know while he resided in New York, and cor ducted himself like a civilized man in civilized community. As he had writte to me to visit himself and his wife, when came to Chicago, I remembered the invitation when I did visit that city, and imme diately on my arrival proceeded to his house. He was not at home at the moment and so I asked to see his wife, whom I had known only a year before in New York In answer to my inquiry for Mrs. De Vorse, a pretty, black-eyed girl came into the frawing-room, and received me qui warmly

"Well, we chatted very pleasantly to gether until my friend came in, and I really felt myself beginning to experience a very affectionate impulse toward her; support of course that she was his niece, or cou or uncle, or something of that sort, in the course of the evening I asked whether his wife was at home, and if so when he proposed to let me see her? "To my astonishment, he replied, 'This lady is Mrs. De Vorse! I thought you were already aware of the fact,

" Of course I blushed and felt horribl ncomfortable, and said that I was no aware that he had lost poor Emily.
"'O,' said he, 'Emily is very well, and has married a partner of mine. We were divorced, you know, about six months ago and I married my present wife only las week.

"Well, I didn't feel quite so affectionat toward her after that, for I had been warmly attached to Emily; but we said no more about the matter, and I went away, vowing never to get myself into such a scrape again by asking after any-body's wife. I did not see my friend's new wife for about a month afterwards, until I one day met her in the house of a mutual acquaintance, and, in the course of conversation, said to her: 'By the way, might I ask you to say to your husband that I want him to come to my office some day next week."
"'I don't think you know my husband,"

she replied, smilingly.
"'What do you mean?' said I, getting rather nervous.

Smith, she answered. 'I was separated

from Mr. De Vorse yesterday morning, and married Mr. Smith last night.' "I left that house pretty rapidly, and registered a second vow, to the effect that I would never, to my dying day, ask a Chicago lady about her husband again. The two mistakes I had already made, as to Chicago wives and husbands, made me decidedly shy of them. But the very next day I went into De Vorse's store (corn, pork and provisions), and found him engaged in conversation with a terribly angular female, who looked like a compound of a New England old maid, a Western wo-man's rights lecturer, and an Arkansas squatter's wife. Of course I pitied my friend, and, when the terrible female had departed, remarked, 'I congratulate you on your escape; that horrible female would your escape: that horrible temale would have exhausted any man's patience in ten moments' conversation. What was my horror when he replied: 'I must be you to speak more respectfully of that lady; to speak more respectfully of that lady; she is at present my wife—a fact of which

you are, of course, unaware, as we were married very privately last night. "I never said a word, but fled abruptly from his presence. Once more I swore— and I went before a Notary, who had the biggest kind of a Bible, so as to make the oath more binding—that never, never would I speak disparagingly of any Chicago woman to any Chicago man. After that I felt better, and, for two weeks, avoided making any more mistakes. At the end of that time, however, I met the new and angular Mrs. De Vorse, to whom I had, in the meantime, been introduced, having the liveliest kind of a quarrel with a big, prizefighting looking fellow, who was apparently on the point of knocking her down.
Of course I flew to her rescue, and demanded to know of the fellow what he meant; also if he was aware who that lady

"I paid no further attention to him, but turning to Mrs. De Vorse, said: 'Madam! permit me to protect you from that ruf-

fian's insolence?'
"Instead of thanking me, she actually slapped my face and said: 'I'll teach you to interfere between man and wife. That's my husband, and we've been married three days. It's a pretty hard thing if a wife can't stop in the street to speak to her husband without having some idiot come and make a muss about it.

"Now," continued the lawyer. "this is not only a true story, but it is a fair example of the continued trouble a man gets into who lives in Chicago, and doesn't know how to hold his tongue. You now understand why I hate the Chicago customs, and why I go in for indissoluble marriages. I never made a mistake in asking a man about his wife, the whole time I lived in New York, but here I have got into more awkward places, and more fights than I can count itself homes.

glycerine you may make these hubbles so strong that you can play with them by knocking them about. You may, of course, make soap bubble: in an easier way, but they will not be so brilliant as by the above process - Elich

FACTS AND FIGURES.

BONNER has offered \$20,000 for "Amer Tue young King of Greece is said to have become a drunkard. Syracuse, N. Y., claims a population of 41,450—an increase of 2,440 over last

THE Rev. Miss Olympia Brown has accopted the pastorate of a Bridgeport,

In North Carolina any person who hunts with gun or dog., on Sunday, is liable to a fine of \$50.

The Yale students who drew the best

college rooms made about one the A nogua Barey has been swindling Louisville, in spite of the fact of Mr. Barey's death, two years ago.

MAYCHES are now made with sodium

instead of phosphorus. It ignites as easily, and is free frem offensive odors. SINCE Lamartine's death 5,000,000 of his photographs have been sold, and no fewer than 800,000 cheap statuettes.

A FRENCHMAN has purchased 5,000 acres of swamp in Tennessee, and proposes raising frogs for the Memphis market. Tun Coliseum in Boston, minus the Ju-

ee, Gilmore and the anvils, can now be visited at the moderate price of twenty-five cents per head. Twenty thousand elephants are annually destroyed to furnish the manufacturers of Sheffeld with ivory for knife handles

and other purposes. A New Jersey horse thief, convicted of fifteen horse thefts, was lately sentenced ten years apiece for them—total, one hundred and fifty years.

A roon shoemaker, named Denohue, esiding in East River street, Newark, has fallen heir to the sum of \$200,000 in gold, by the death of his brother. Or seventeen graduates of Dartmouth College who died last year three were

over eighty years of age, and five others had passed the allotted period of human AT a recent temperance celebration, a little lad appeared in the procession bear

ing a flag on which was inscribed the fol-lowing: "All's right when daddy's lowing: A DIVORCE case is now pending in Graf-ton County, N. H., in which the parties have been married forty-four years, and had fifteen children, of whom twelve are

now living and of age. Visirons to Niagara Falls are notified that a new Treasury regulation imposes a duty of forty-five per cest., in gold, on all fancy articles purchased on the Canada side and brought over the river.

THE remains of George H. Steele, of Windsor, Vt., which have been interred for twenty-three years, were recently exumed and found to be in a thorough state preservation. MR. A. D. RICHARDSON, who has recent-y been "through to the Pacific," says that the Central Union Railroad becomes

The United States contain an erea of over two billions of acres, which, if peopled as densely as Massachusetts, would accommodate in the neighborhood of six A FATHER, mother and nine children,

remunerative, it will make its six original owners the richest men on the continent.

from Pennsylvania, recently passed through Grand Rapids, Michigan, on their way to Minnesota, the children being three pairs of twins and one triplet.

THE town of Wells, Vt., has a citizen who married at 17. His first child was daughter, who married at 13, and 18 months afterward made her father a grandfather, at the early age of thirty-one and a half years. WATCHES were invented in Ger

harles V, was the first man who owned one, but it was too large to carry in the pocket. Pocket watches were invented by a man named Hooke in 1658. ALICE CARY, the poetess, reports an in

come of \$1,180; Clara Louise Kellogg, the prima donna, \$5,039; Maggie Mitchell, the Cricket, \$1,933; Florence, the comedian, \$3,025; Barney Williams, the Irish actor, \$3,195. In the old burying ground at Kirk Cross n Shetland, the curious in epitaphs may read that the death of "Donald Robert

son, to all appearance a sincere Christian, was caused by the stupidity of Lawrence Tullock, who sold him nitre instead Epsom salts." A NEW YORK letter says: "Mr. Degroot is putting an immense bronze casting of scenes in the life of Commodore Vanderbilt over the entrance to the Hudson River freight depot in St. John's Park. It will cost \$800,000, and is the largest casting in the world. The foundation alone cost \$80,000."

A MAN in Hamburg, Pennsylvania, bought a wagon-load of boards about thirty years ago, and failing to get the price he asked, determined not to lose money on them. Accordingly they are

boards are mostly rotten wood. THE mud of the hard paved streets the city of London consists, according to Dr. Letherby, the well-known sanitary inspector, of 37 per cent. of horse refuse, 30 per cent. of abraded stone, and 13 per cent. of abraded iron—from horses hoofs and wheel tires. A chemist in Dublin has obtained the same results from an examination of the mud in the streets

was, and who her husband was? To which he briefly, sententiously, but, as it struck me, irreverently remarked 'Hell!'

An Assistant Assessor recently applied to headquarters at Washington, relative to the llability of butter and cheese manufacturers for taxes on sales above \$5,000. The reply was that manufacturers of butter and cheese, including factories and associations, as commonly conducted, are liable to a tax of \$2 upon every \$1,000 sale

above \$5,000 per annum.
THIRTEEN cases of small pox were recently discovered in a tenement house on Forsyth street, New York. The sole origin of these cases was traced to the culpable recklessness of one Henry Reis, who keeps a cake bakery in that street. For thirteen days after he became infected with the disease, he continued at his busi-ness—making and dealing out his cakes to customers. At last, when his face was covered with sores, he retired to a bed-room adjoining his shop, between which there was free communication of air, and his family continued the business

In the Middle ages the fires in the houses were made in a cavity in the centre of the floor, over which there generally was an opening in the roof for the escape of the